VI. *An Account of a Stone taken out of a Horſe, at* Boſton *in* New England, *in the Year* 1724. *By the Honourable* Paul Dudley, *Eſq; F. R. S.*

THE Owner of the Horſe never perceived that he ail'd any thing, till within a few Days before he dyed, and then ſuſpected that he might be troubled with the Gravel or Stone, by the great Pain the Horſe ſeem'd to be in, when he ſtaled or dung'd; for he would groan and ſweat prodigiouſly. Upon which he got a Farrier, who applied ſomething to break the Stone; but in a very ſhort time the Horſe dyed; and the Farrier, being ſomewhat curious, was reſolv'd to open him, and in the great Paunch, found a Stone of five Pounds and an half Weight, almoſt as round as a Globe; for it meaſured ſeventeen Inches round one way, and ſeventeen Inches and three quarters the other. The Grit was like your *New-Caſtle* Grindſtone; but was worn ſmooth in the Horſe's Stomach, the Colour ſomewhat like that of a Nutmeg, but more of the ordinary Millſtone. I could not perſwade the Owner to break it; but by the lightneſs of it, conſidering its Bulk, I am apt to think it might be porous within. How long this Stone was generating, or what produced it, is altogether uncertain. The Owner of it was a common Carter to a Griſt-Mill; and ſome have thought that the Horſe might either in his Provender out of the Mill or by licking of Mill-Stones that ſometimes ſtand up by the ſide of the Mill, get the firſt Seed of this Stone into his Stomach. The Weight of the Stone at length made a Fracture in the Paunch,

The Royal Society is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve, and extend access to *Philosophical Transactions (1683-1775).* www.jstor.org

which proved his Death: For before the Breach, and while the Stone roll'd in his Stomach, he was very well.

The largeſt Stone found in any Animal that the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* give an account of, weighed but four Pounds, four Ounces.

VII. *An Account of a* Polypus *cough'd up from the Windpipe; in a Letter from the Ingenious Dr.* Samber, *Phyſician at* Salisbury, *to Dr.* Jurin, *Secr. R. S.*

THE 15th of laſt *December* at 10 at Night, I was ſent for to one Mr. *Tompſon*, an Officer of the Exciſe in this Town, who was taken with ſo violent a Flux of Blood, that in a ſhort ſpace of time he loſt near three pounds of Blood, as near as we could judge: By the time I came, it was pretty well over; only he ſeem'd to have ſomething, when he cough'd, that ſtuck in the Paſſage, which he could not get up, and by its rattling I thought it very looſe. I order'd what I thought proper in ſuch a caſe, and left him: Next Morning they told me, that half an hour after I was gone, he had cough'd up what they ſhew'd me on a Sheet of Paper, which Mr *Gifford* the Apothecary (a very honeſt Man, and very ingenious in his Buſineſs) had deſir'd them to keep till I came. Upon putting it into Water, I found it a *Polypus*; and, as I think, a very remarkable one. I here ſend you a draught of it *Fig.* 3. exactly done by a Painter ſince dead. I could find by my Blow-pipe, that it was hollow; but its being torn off with ſuch violence, has made ſo many